John William Ditter

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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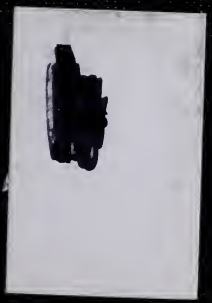

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

John William Ditter

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM PENNSYLVANIA

U.S. Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session. House.

UNITED STATES
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Biography

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER was born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 5, 1888; attended the public schools and was graduated from the law department of Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., in 1913; was admitted to the bar the same year; professor of history and commerce in the Philadelphia, Pa., high schools 1912–1925; moved to Ambler, Pa., in 1925, and began the practice of law; served as workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania in 1929; trustee of the Burd Rogers Memorial Home; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-third and to the five succeeding Congresses and served from March 4, 1933, until his death in an airplane crash near Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., on November 21, 1943; interment in Whitemarsh Memorial Cemetery, Prospectville, Montgomery County, Pa.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 9, 1944.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address_____ Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address_____ Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps_____ Musician Edward Masters

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

John William Ditter

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1944.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang There Is No Death.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1888; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923–28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906–10; member of the State senate, 1913–16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917–18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920–22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Lecompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896–1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907–09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909–10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901–08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906–10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911–21; county judge, 1921–28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–18; county attorney, 1918–28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929–36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924–40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912–25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902–8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906–10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907–14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businessman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906–9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917–18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896–98; State senator 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920–34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and ofttimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
  In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
  The known from the unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
  And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
  And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
  I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
  And everywhere
Through the earth and air
  My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
  It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
  It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
  It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
  Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
  I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
  From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
  And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
  Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
  But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
  Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
  Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
  Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
  To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
  The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
  In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
  Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
  Are tripled by the score.

Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, A Nation's Strength. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem The Job. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! it won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
John William Ditter

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative McConnell

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. SPEAKER: This is a time when words seem so inadequate to express the extent of the loss which Montgomery County, Pa., has sustained in the death of my predecessor, the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER. He was loved and respected by all who knew him, and his reputation for integrity and ability traveled far beyond the limits of his district.

He was a teacher, a successful lawyer, and a conscientious Member of the House of Representatives. It was my privilege to meet him and be taught by him while at high school. His classes admired him for his thoroughness, his fairness, and his honesty. He was elected to Congress from the Seventeenth District of Pennsylvania in 1933 and regularly thereafter until his tragic death during the night of November 21, 1943.

BILL DITTER, as his many friends knew him, rose to a position of eminence in this Nation. He believed in hard work. His life demonstrated his deep abiding faith in the opportunity of an individual to rise in this country, by reason of his ability, his devotion to duty, and his intense applicaton to the task set before him. His life was an outstanding example of the possibilities open to all who will strive diligently and intelligently.

He was a Christian gentleman. He taught Sunday school classes for years, and the value of his efforts can be proven in the lives of many people today.

As a debater on the floor of the House he had no equal. He was always fair and considerate to the opposition. Not by trickery, but by the logic of his statements did he win

his arguments. Recognition of his ability to assemble facts, and use them persuasively, came when he was selected to be chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee.

J. WILLIAM DITTER loved his country intensely. Well versed in the ideas and ideals which made this Republic great, he sought at all times, and with unselfish devotion, to cherish and hold fast to the traditions which he believed should endure. His death occurred while engaged in activities for his beloved country.

Blessed with a faithful wife and loving children, he was a devoted husband and father. No sacrifice was too great for him in order that they might be happy. His family life was beautiful and wholesome, and he left behind him a train of lovely memories.

J. WILLIAM DITTER was taken from this earth while at the height of his distinguished career. The acts of God are sometimes difficult for our finite minds to understand. That He had other purposes for him seems likely. Whatever those plans may be, his many friends wish him well in the Great Beyond from which no traveler has ever returned.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Nearer leaving the cross!
Nearer gaining the crown!
Where we lay our burdens down;

Remarks by Representative Murdock

Of Arizona

Mr. SPEAKER: Under leave granted to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following address of Senator James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania, on the life, character, and public service of Hon. JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania:

TRIBUTE BY SENATOR DAVIS

This past year has seen many of our colleagues taken from us. In both Houses of the Congress, the fell clutch of death has stilled the labors of outstanding public servants in both major parties. And these losses lay not lightly on a Nation faced with the problems of grave emergency.

The State of Pennsylvania was not spared by the invasion of death, for it yielded up one of its most beloved and gifted sons—J. WILLIAM DITTER—to that timeless conqueror of all men.

J. WILLIAM DITTER represented the Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania with an ability and sincerity known to few men. His labors were always in behalf of the best interests of this great Nation which he knew and loved. And it is indeed fitting that he met his death while in the active service of his country.

The untimely passing of BILL DITTER, in the very flower of his life, was and will be deeply mourned by all those who knew him; for with his passing, the Congress lost one of its outstanding Members, the people of Pennsylvania lost a faithful and an earnest Representative, and the Republican Party lost an ardent and a fearless standard bearer.

Representative DITTER was above all else a straightforward American citizen, a sincere and tireless servant of the American people, in whose cause and whose behalf he was always proud to labor and to serve.

The inspiring example of service and honor which was J. WILLIAM DITTER will long outlive the earthly years of a life which he willingly gave to the public service and to the progress and stability of the America which he loved.

The memory of BILL DITTER's good name and fine deeds will live forever in these halls and in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania which gave him to the service of America.

Remarks by Representative Springer

Of Indiana

Mr. SPEAKER: As we meet today to pay our respect to the memory of our colleagues who have departed, we solemnly realize the deep personal loss that we have sustained in the tragic death of our beloved and esteemed friend, J. WILLIAM DITTER, of Pennsylvania. Throughout the years he has ever been at his post of duty, and it is my privilege to express the very high esteem and the warm affection in which he was held by all Members of Congress. He was my personal friend, and it is with that treasured memory of him that I speak these few words in eulogy of his attainments. He was an outstanding American, a good citizen, a great statesman, and a loyal and sincere friend.

WILL DITTER, as we affectionately called him, was a great American. He was born and reared in the great State of Pennsylvania, and he loved that Commonwealth and her people with the ardor and affection of an illustrious son. In that environment and among the people he loved he came to the bar, and he became one of the great lawyers in his State. His practice was extensive and in his chosen profession he was unusually successful. His people finally called upon him to render a greater service, and he was sent by them as their Representative in the Congress of the United States. During his service in the Congress, as the years passed by he grew in stature and in his attainments. He became one of the outstanding legislators in Congress and his service on the Naval Affairs Committee in the House was outstanding. He was sound in thought and deliberate in action. He was kindly and he was brave.

When I became acquainted with my friend—and that was at the beginning of my service as a Member of the House of

Representatives in the Seventy-sixth Congress—I then recognized in him those rare and outstanding qualities which appeal to all of us. He was a man of the highest character and his sincerity of purpose and his honesty was never doubted. I knew him when he faced the stress of turmoil and anguish respecting our country, and its future. I knew him when his constant concern was for the welfare and progress of all the people in our land. I knew him when he was pleading for our form of government and for the Constitution. He loved our form of government and he revered the American way of life. He was a true patriot. He was a constant American.

When great men pass across the stage of life and disappear, their acts and deeds will continue after them—the precedent has been established which others will follow. So with our friend. He has fixed the standard. He has touched into activity forces which, influencing still others, will move onward forever. I will long cherish the memory of my friend because of his unswerving Americanism, for his constant struggle for the people he loved, and for his sterling character and honesty. With these ideals he lived; with these same ideals before him, he died. Thus this brilliant man passed from the stage of life, leaving the rest of us to take up his labors where he left them.

WILL DITTER needs no eulogy today. His life and his living of it stand before us in beauty and in splendor—a beacon light for others. In bidding my fond—my last—farewell to him, I speak those words which were uttered at the passing of a great hero in the years gone by—"This was a man!"

Remarks by Representative Hope

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: The tragic death of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, on November 21, 1943, was a great shock to his colleagues in the House of Representatives. To me, it meant the passing of a dear friend and a man for which I entertained a very high admiration and much affection.

As an able, hard-working member of the Appropriations Committee, Mr. DITTER came to exercise great influence on both sides of the aisle. His eloquence, his forcefulness in debate, and his skill in presenting legislative matters, made him a formidable antagonist on the floor. Yet, so kindly and generous was his nature that no matter how heated the debate became, Mr. DITTER's opponents remained his friends. He kept their respect and confidence.

Mr. DITTER's place will be difficult to fill. He will be missed by all of us. He was an able legislator, a great leader, and a sincere friend.

Remarks by Representative Kunkel

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. SPEAKER: Under permission to extend my remarks in the Record, I enclose a memoriam to J. WILLIAM DITTER.

Along with every other Member of Congress, I was deeply shocked and grieved to learn of the terrible calamity in which the Nation was deprived of the services of our distinguished and respected colleague, J. WILLIAM DITTER, and of the gallant young naval officer who was piloting the plane. So many Members have emphasized here this afternoon the extent of the loss which not only the Nation and the Congress has sustained but also Mr. DITTER's constituency and, most of all, his family, that there is little that I could add. I would like to include a poem which was just written today by one of his multitude of friends in the House, Horace C. Carlisle:

REPRESENTATIVE DITTER

Hark! the voice of Death is calling—
Tho' the thought is most appalling,
Statesmen, one by one, are falling
To be buried 'neath the sod;
But the loss is worse than bitter
When such as J. WILLIAM DITTER
One who is so greatly needed,
Is, by Death, called home to God.

In the fullness of the morning
Of life, which he was adorning,
Suddenly, and without warning,
Did the summons to him come;
And forthwith he, happy-hearted,
From the scenes of earth departed,
To enjoy the sweet, abundant
New life, in the Father's home.

When so true a statesman passes
From the troubled earth, the classes,
On a level with the masses,
  Speak his praises, far and near;
And long Congress will remember
This most sad day in November,
When J. WILLIAM DITTER answered,
  In the halls of glory, "Here."

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

Remarks by Representative Lemke

Of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans, but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

Remarks by Representative Johnson

Of Texas

Mr. SPEAKER: Soon after he became a Member of the House, I became acquainted with J. WILLIAM DITTER, of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania District, and as the years passed and we came to know each other better, we became good friends.

We belonged to different political parties, and in debate and in the votes in the House, he was what might be termed a partisan, but he was conscientious in his views and his votes.

He was one of the best debaters in the House, and at times seemed stern and severe in what he said, but he had a warm heart, he loved his fellow man, and his personality was such as to draw men unto him. He was a man of sympathy. I recall that when I lost my daughter, about 6 weeks before his death, he wrote me a beautiful letter of condolence, and followed it with a personal conversation, and I shall never forget the tears in his eyes as he told me, from the depths of his heart, how much he sympathized with me.

When news of his sudden and tragic death reached the House, there was genuine grief and mourning of the entire Membership on both sides of the aisle.

He was a real American, a loyal friend, and an able legislator, and his death removed one of the most outstanding and ablest Members of the House.

Remarks by Representative Stanley

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: When events of a happy nature transpire, words flow smoothly and easily from the lips of one who would refer to them. But when one is faced with great sorrow, words become almost obstacles, halting that person who would express the sadness brought about by death.

It is thus impossible to express adequately the keen sorrow with which I heard the news of Representative WILLIAM DITTER'S death. As a new Member of the Seventy-eighth Congress, I was privileged to know him only for a comparatively short time. During these few months, however, my admiration and respect for Mr. DITTER'S great intelligence, his unusual ability as a speaker, and his skill as a lawyer increased daily.

Even more important than his intellectual brilliance was his infinite capacity for kindness, tolerance, and understanding. Representative DITTER was always just as willing to talk over legislative matters with a new, unimportant Member as he was to discuss legislation with one of the congressional leaders.

Three or four days before his tragic passing, I introduced to him a young man from Buffalo, N. Y., who was about to begin service in the United States Navy. In wishing him good fortune, Mr. DITTER expressed his own love for our country so eloquently that I will never forget his words, nor will the boy to whom he gave such timely inspiration.

There will never be elected to Congress a better Representative or a greater American than WILLIAM DITTER. Everyone will miss his splendid service as a legislator and his many kindnesses as a friend.

It has been well said that no one is entirely gone who is remembered by his friends. The memory of kind, lovable, superbly talented Representative WILLIAM DITTER will live long in the hearts of all of us.

Remarks by Representative Taber

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER came to Congress first in 1932. He was a great lawyer and a wonderful orator. I think it goes without saying that he was the ablest Member of the House of Representatives in a joint running debate at the time of his death.

He early became a member of the Appropriations Committee and served on that committee for nearly 10 years. His service there was varied. He served upon the District of Columbia Committee, the Interior Subcommittee, the Treasury Subcommittee, the Navy Subcommittee, and the Deficiency Subcommittee. For 5 or 6 years he had been upon the Navy Committee and Treasury Subcommittee, and had carried a great deal of the load of each committee. I think he was the leading authority in the House upon the Navy and was of tremendous value on the Deficiency Committee.

He could always be counted on to carry a fight to the floor upon any matter in the public interest, and was always vigorous and effective.

We all loved BILL DITTER. We all regret most sincerely his untimely end in an airplane crash. One of the finest characters who served in the House of Representatives in my day is gone.

Remarks by Representative Case

Of South Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: It will be impossible for Members of the House of Representatives who served with him ever to forget J. WILL DITTER—BILL DITTER to all of us. He could wade into any debate and establish a beachhead by slashing words here and there until he had found a footing from which he could press a relentless attack.

BILL DITTER scorned defense and apology when he dealt with a subject for which he fought. He was respectful; he was quick to disavow any misinterpretation of an adversary's words; but he believed in carrying the battle to his opponent. And he did so with vigor. He drew on an intensive knowledge of history to supplement his logic. He threw into his remarks the fire that is born of an intense love of country. This combination of knowledge and earnestness gave him an effective eloquence.

We who have seen him take his position in front of the tables will always see him there. He was too vigorous a character to die and be forgotten. He lives.

Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all were melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God had erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower lights burning along the shore. They must be kept here, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Remarks by Representative Sheppard

Of California

Mr. SPEAKER: The J. William Ditter Memorial Chapel, recently completed at the Naval Air Station, Willow Grove, Pa., was dedicated on yesterday.

Under permission granted me to extend my remarks, there follows a copy of the program of the dedicatory ceremonies and of the addresses made by myself and my distinguished colleague, Hon. Charles A. Plumley, of Vermont:

DEDICATION DAY, J. WILLIAM DITTER, MEMORIAL CHAPEL, 23RD OF JANUARY 1944, NAVAL AIR STATION, WILLOW GROVE, PA.

Rear Admiral M. F. Draemel, U. S. N., commandant; Commander J. M. Rutherfurd, U. S. N. R., commanding officer; Capt. H. R. Lacey (CEC), U. S. N., District Public Works Officer; Capt. E. W. Davis (ChC), U. S. N., District chaplain.

Guests: Rear Admiral Randall Jacobs, U. S. N., Chief of Bureau of Naval Personnel; Rear Admiral Ezra D. Allen, U. S. N., Director of Budget and Reports; Rear Admiral W. B. Young, U. S. N., Chief of Bureau of Supplies and Accounts; Rear Admiral L. B. Combs, U. S. N., Assistant Chief of Yards and Docks; Capt. H. G. Hopwood, U. S. N., Aid, Bureau of Naval Personnel; Capt. R. D. Workman (ChC), U. S. N., chief of chaplains; Congressman Harry Sheppard; Congressman Charles Plumley; Congressman Noble Johnson; Congressman Jamie L. Whitten.

J. WILLIAM DITTER MEMORIAL CHAPEL

A house of prayer

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."

Dedicated January 23, 1944

The above inscription is found on the plaque at the entrance to the chapel. This chapel is reverently dedicated to the glory of God and in tribute to the memory of the late J. William Ditter, Congressman from the State of Pennsylvania. Mr. Ditter was an ardent supporter of the Naval Air Station and was vitally interested in the construction of the new chapel which we dedicate today. May his memory be blessed among us and may this House of Prayer

serve as an inspiration to the spiritual life of all those who worship here.

DIVINE SERVICE

Prelude.

Invocation, the Reverend E. O'Neill.

Hymn: Come, Thou Almighty King, No. 112.

Psalm to be read in unison:

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee.

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

"Who passing through the valley of Weeping make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

"O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

"Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

"For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will. He withheld from them that walk uprightly.

"O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." (Psalm 84.)

The gloria patri: Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, amen.

The lesson from the Scriptures: I Kings 8: 22–30; Hebrews 10: 19–27.

Solo: The Lord's Prayer.

Presentation of the chapel: Capt. H. R. Lacey (CEC), United States Navy, district public works officer; Commander J. M. Rutherfurd, United States Naval Reserve, commanding officer; Capt. R. D. Workman (ChC), United States Navy, chief of chaplains.

Service of dedication: Chaplain R. D. Workman, United States Navy.

Affirmation of faith:

CHAPLAIN. Good Christian people, I bid your prayers for the dedication of this church. The Lord be with you.

PEOPLE. And with Thy Spirit.

CHAPLAIN. Let us pray. To the glory of God, the eternal Father, whose name is love, whose presence is joy, whose word is truth, whose will is good, whose service is perfect freedom, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life.

PEOPLE. We dedicate this house.

CHAPLAIN. To the glory of God the Son, the Redeemer of the world, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Light.

PEOPLE. We dedicate this house.

CHAPLAIN. To the glory of God the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier of men, Giver of life and light.

PEOPLE. We dedicate this house.

Prayer of dedication: Chaplain E. W. Davis, United States Navy.

Address: Rear Admiral L. B. Combs, United States Navy.

Address: Congressman HARRY SHEPPARD.

Address: Congressman CHARLES PLUMLEY.

The lighting of the candles, and the opening of the Holy Bible: As Christ is the Light of the World, and His Word and Sacraments are to be a lamp unto our feet, and a light upon our way, we open His Word and light the candles of our altar—symbolizing the spiritual light that shall proceed from the Eternal Word as it is proclaimed in this house of worship.

The Lord's Prayer.

Hymn of prayer for our shipmates: Eternal Father, Strong to Save, No. 128.

Benediction.

The J. William Ditter Memorial Chapel is of colonial style architecture, designed and planned by the Bureau of Yards and Docks.

Construction was started on August 9, 1943, by Townsend, Schroeder & Wood, Inc. The chapel was turned over by the contractor to the station on January 19, 1944.

The chapel has two auditoriums, one with a seating capacity of 200 which will be used for the Protestant services and also for Roman Catholic Mass on special holy days; the smaller auditorium seats 50 people and is set aside for Roman Catholic Mass.

Additional rooms are available for two offices for the chaplain.

The chapel stands as a witness of the spiritual challenge and influence that makes its impact on the lives of the personnel of this station.

ADDRESS BY HON. HARRY R. SHEPPARD, OF CALIFORNIA

We are met to dedicate this new house of worship, a holy place where men and women of the armed services and their families may assemble in the faiths of their fathers or of their own election, as a free people should have the right to do—a right guaranteed to them by our Constitution, and one of the freedoms for the preservation of which we are now at war.

Every edifice of this kind is a symbol of our faith in God and is proof of our trust in His divine providence. America, I am sure we all agree, has attained its present stature among the nations of the world because its people, from the time of the Pilgrim fathers, have been possessed of that faith and trust.

It always makes my heart glad to see a chapel when I visit a naval or military station where sailors or soldiers are quartered. It makes me feel that we are not shutting God out. We recognize His fellowship.

How true that is has been manifested in so many ways and so many times to our fliers, to our ground troops, and to our boys on the seas all over the world. The accounts we read of their combats are replete with their frank acknowledgments of Divine protection and guidance.

I commend the Navy for naming this chapel the J. William Ditter Memorial Chapel. Mr. DITTER was the prime mover in getting the necessary congressional action. My committee, at his instance, proposed the necessary appropriation. He collaborated with the naval Bureau of Yards and Docks in planning it. He chose the passage from the Psalms that we see inscribed on this plaque that has been placed at the entrance, to which the Navy, as a lasting tribute, has added his name.

Were Mr. DITTER at these exercises today, which he had looked forward to doing, I am sure that he would use as his text in addressing his audience the lines we see here, which he selected:

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."

Friends, the essence of religion dwells in those lines. Is not that therefore a most appropriate prayer he selected that all who pass might read?

It was my honor and privilege to know Mr. DITTER intimately and well because of our membership and close association on the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives. That prayer epitomizes his religion.

I was particularly impressed by the tribute paid to Mr. DITTER by Representative Eugene Cox, of Georgia, in the House of Repre-

sentatives, on the day following Mr. DITTER's untimely death. Let me repeat it:

"As Carlyle said of Sir Walter Scott, 'When he departed he took a man's life with him,' " I say of BILL DITTER that when he departed he took a man's life with him. Nothing but heaven can cover his high fame, no pyramid offset his memory, nothing but the eternal substance of his greatness.

How proud his family, his neighbors, his constituents, and those who are now or later may be attached to this station should be that this House of God should bear the name of such a man.

ADDRESS BY HON. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY, OF VERMONT

As senior member of the Naval Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, and as a close personal friend of Congressman J. WILLIAM DITTER, it is a high privilege for me to be present at this ceremony commemorating the dedication of this beautiful chapel in his name. While he had taken a deep personal interest in all matters pertaining to the Willow Grove Air Station, the initiation of this project was a matter close to his heart and one on which he had spent time and attention in an extraordinary degree. It is fitting that this memorial should commemorate him.

Some men are born to be leaders in whatever profession that they may follow. Their attainments are beyond those of ordinary men and the conspicuous qualities which they demonstrate are apparent to their contemporaries who can admire but not match them. There was probably no man on the floor of the House whose advice, counsel and support was in more demand than that of the late J. WILLIAM DITTER. Whenever the going was hard and a fight was on he was always sought and placed in the breach and I know of no one with such talent for debate, or tenacity of purpose, in the entire membership of the minority party in the House of Representatives.

While it is difficult to realize that we have lost him, and particularly at a time when he was about to reach the pinnacle of his career in the House, we must appreciate that he gave us the best he had and he stands as an example which we can emulate, but not equal, in our carrying on of the affairs of Government in this and the next Congress.

We who were close to BILL DITTER on the committee miss his friendship, advice, and support. We knew he had talents beyond the grasp of ordinary men; that his abilities would mark him for higher responsibilities in his party and for his country. He had a fine sense of loyalty and service. He was devoted to the Navy.

Man is but mortal. God in his wisdom has called him home. I know of no finer way to commemorate his name, and symbolize his achievements on the Naval Committee, than the dedication of this beautiful chapel that he sponsored and fostered. I am sure he is with us in spirit today as we pay tribute to him.

In me there is a sense of great personal loss. In a minor way, as senior member of the minority party, his mantle has fallen on my shoulders. I hope to carry on within my capacities the BILL DITTER tradition in the committee.

Remarks by Representative Rabaut

Of Michigan

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with deep affection that I recall the fond memory of our colleague, J. WILLIAM DITTER.

BILL DITTER was a friend, steadfast and true. His literary genius and his oratorical skill will be remembered by all of us. He was a staunch partisan and he served his country and his party well.

Although we differed on many issues, I am proud to think of him as a friend. We had many talks and I recollect that in our quiet moments together he told me of his great devotion for his family.

His untimely death was a shock, but the memory of BILL DITTER will linger long in these hallowed walls.

Remarks by Representative Short

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: A mighty oak in the forest of man has fallen. A stalwart has passed from our midst. A sharp tongue has been silenced. An active mind has been granted surcease. A noble soul has gone to its reward. In that day of resurrection, in which he so devoutly believed, his song will blend with the requiem of the angels and his effort will still be to help establish the kingdom of God on earth.

Early this morning my secretary called and asked, "Have you heard about Congressman DITTER?" There was an ominous tone in her voice. My heart stopped for an instant and then began beating like a sledge hammer. Blood ran through my veins like quicksilver. I turned hot and cold in the same moment, I gulped and almost choked when I replied, "No," and nervously asked, "What about him?" She replied, with some hesitancy and more emotion, because she knew him too, "He was killed last night in an airplane crash over Pennsylvania."

Mr. Speaker, only yesterday I returned with seven of our colleagues from a 15,000-mile airplane trip through Mexico, Central, and South America. When we landed at the National Airport in Washington after flying for many days and nights over high mountains, wild jungles, and open seas, I knew as never before how good it is to be alive.

A long trip by plane at all altitudes, over every kind of terrain and in all kinds of weather, will make any man think thoughts that he had never dreamed before and will bring him a little closer to God, whose hand he feels at times he can almost touch. It will render the strongest weak and make the proudest humble.

Imagine, sir, my reaction when, less than 36 hours after our landing, I learned of the sudden, unexpected, and, to our finite minds, the untimely and tragic death of our colleague. Doubts arose in my mind, skepticism seized me, and I found it difficult not to yield to rebellion, cynicism, and despair. After all, can there be a God? Is it fair? Is it just? Why would a Supreme Being to whom truth, beauty, and goodness are the summum bonum of life, snatch suddenly away one who believed the same? In an hour of national peril—when all we hold dear and sacred, when freedom and justice weep, when the pagan forces of might and materialism are running ruthlessly and roughshod over the world, why, when love is slain by hate, when virtue is raped by vice, and right is ravished by wrong, should one so strong, brave, and true, in the heyday of his powers and in the prime of his life suddenly be snatched from us?

O Mr. Speaker, it is difficult not to become bitter. But something outside us, yea, something inside us, much bigger than ourselves, whispers, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. God works mysteriously his wonders to perform. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead,
Across a void of mystery and dread,
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

Mr. Speaker, the heart has reason that reason knows not of. Life is deeper than logic. BILL DITTER knew this, but it did not keep him from being logical. He was a logician by nature. Born with an extraordinary mind, he cultivated it. He possessed enormous powers of analysis and was blessed with a retentive memory. His penetrating philosophical insight and lucid way of expression were convincing to the toughest agnostic. He won his opponents not only by his sound reasoning and his literary ability but also by his ingratiating personality and his fair play.

BILL DITTER was no dilettante; he was a bulldog. Always he hit hard but never did he hit below the belt. He could oppose you and make you like him. Whenever he reprimanded me, I wanted to beg his pardon. I loved him. Truly he was great.

It was my good fortune to have spoken in Mr. DITTER's district. He represented one of the wealthiest districts in the United States. But never did he lose the common touch. He was of the earth. Like Lincoln he thought, "God must have loved the common people because He made so many of them." He was no silly sentimentalist. He did not believe in a patronizing, paternalistic bureaucracy and had little faith in or respect for professional uplifters and moral reformers. His hard common sense told him that "God helps them who help themselves." Yet, he was full of the milk of human kindness. His faith was in God, the Bible, home, mother, the Constitution, and the American people.

Mr. Speaker, often late in the evening when most Members had left their offices and gone to their homes, as we also should have done, BILL DITTER would drop by my office for a friendly chat. We naturally would connive to some extent against the New Deal since he was chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee and I was a member of the same. But the Democrats of this House would be surprised to know how little we discussed politics.

BILL and I were friends and always we welcomed the opportunity to discuss the little but personal and very important things of life. After 5 minutes on the state of the Union and 3 minutes on the cosmic situation we would spend sometimes hours on the commonplace things that affected BILL DITTER and his ordinary friends—Henry, Tom, and Joe.

Mr. Speaker, Members who heard BILL DITTER on the floor, the rough-and-tumble fighter, the invincible debater, quick at repartee, keen of wit, well informed, with a disarming smile and a gracious manner, which would melt the bitterest opposition, did not know him. Only the few who were privileged to have spent days and nights with him in fair weather and foul, who had gone through bitter defeats and glorious triumphs with him, who were admitted to his close confidences, will ever know what a Nobleman of God BILL DITTER really was.

BILL DITTER loved to fly. He never chased any rainbows in Congress, but he chased them in the sky. He was a daredevil. He enjoyed floating with lazy clouds and racing with swift winds. Up and down the stairways of heaven he ran with boyish glee, and if BILL had to fall from heaven there is no spot here or in paradise he would rather land than Pennsylvania. How he loved his State, and its people. He was the soul of loyalty to what and whom he loved.

I like to think of BILL and the many other fine Americans who have lost their lives in airplane crashes, in war and peace, on land and sea, as heroes of an infant industry which will transform the world and determine largely the destiny of man. We all know that space has been annihilated, and time has been conquered by this new medium of transportation. True, it is being used at the moment to bomb, blast, and kill; but when man will learn to control the power this new industry brings, he will turn to construction and build a world of peace, progress, justice, and good will. BILL DITTER and other victims of air crashes have not died in vain.

Mr. Speaker, the richest compensation of a Congressman's life is the friendship he forms with his colleagues. Nowhere else on earth will one find a more wholesome or helpful fraternity than in this House. We have our differences, but we know each other and we understand. BILL DITTER was one of the best among us. He was my friend. I loved him and shall miss him dreadfully, but until the day when I hope to see him again, I shall always believe that the Prophet Micah had BILL DITTER in mind when he wrote:

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Remarks by Representative Hall

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: The tragic death of our beloved colleague BILL DITTER comes as an inexpressible shock to all of us.

The stature of BILL DITTER was great; and his home State, Pennsylvania, and the Nation have lost a great statesman and a great personality. His place in the Congress and in public affairs was unusually large and his influence extraordinarily great. The public service will miss him keenly.

In the circle of my personal friendships there is now a large gap. I shall miss BILL DITTER greatly, his affection, his loyalty, the warmth of his fine and great character. My heartfelt sympathies go to his family. I can hope that they may be somewhat sustained and comforted by the affection and love that the many friends of BILL DITTER had for him and the memories of him that they will cherish.

Remarks by Representative Jennings

Of Tennessee

Mr. SPEAKER: I heard with profound shock and the deepest grief of the tragic death of our colleague, the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER. To me his untimely end is an irreparable personal loss. During my 4 years of service in this body, it was my privilege to enjoy a helpful and intimate friendship with him.

As a Member of this body, he lived up to its highest and best traditions. To the performance of his duties he brought the mature wisdom of an understanding heart, a mind enriched with a knowledge of government and a full rounded experience in legislative procedure. He was passionately devoted to the preservation of constitutional government and was jealous of the integrity and prerogatives of the Congress.

He was a patriot. Devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interest of his country was the pole star by which he always charted his course. He was an able and learned lawyer, a fearless and accomplished legislator. He was especially effective in debate and gloried in the clash of intellect upon intellect. In debate he was at his best. Keen, incisive, resourceful, he could give it as well as take it. Those who measured lances with him on the floor of this House have all testified that he was a foeman worthy of any man's steel.

He was devoted to his family. He loved his home. Many, many times he has spoken to me in the most reverent and endearing terms of his home life. He was wrapped up in his children. I shall never forget his pride in the graduation of his daughter as a lawyer and her admission to the bar. His son was always uppermost in his mind. His pride in this fine young man when it was my privilege to meet him on a

recent visit to the House was manifest in the bond of affection that bound father and son. Parents live again in their children. They are an "heritage of the Lord." J. WILLIAM DITTER had two sides to his nature—one to face the world with, the other to show the family he so fondly loved. I am glad that I saw this beautiful side of his life.

He was a party man, but no venomed shaft ever left his bow. His blows left no sting. He was loved and respected by both Democrats and Republicans. He never hit below the belt. He was a hard, fair fighter, and all the world loves a man who has the courage of his convictions and is not afraid to fight for them.

It has been my privilege to serve with him for 3 years as a member of the National Republican Congressional Committee. During all that time I never saw him lose his head. He was always firm, fair, loyal, wise, and helpful in all he said and did. In his unselfish work for the Republicans of this House and the Nation he placed the party under an everlasting debt of gratitude to him.

"He who would have friends must show himself friendly." The selfish, self-centered man makes no friends. He has in his heart no room for them. The measure of a man's soul is in his capacity for friendship. J. WILLIAM DITTER was rich in the qualities of mind and heart that won the confidence, the respect, and the affection of men. He had friends because he gave himself in selfless service to others. To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. It is, therefore, to the life of our friend that we pay tribute. May we not all join in the sentiment, "Friendship mysterious cement of the soul, solder of society and sweetener of life, I owe thee much."

In this hour of sorrow, we adopt the tender tribute of Robert Burns to his friend and benefactor James, Earl of Glencairn, and apply it to our friend:

Oh, why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

A GOOD MAN MAN NEVER DIES

Man is not the pilgrim of a day,
Spawn of the worm or brother of the clay
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind or dew upon the flower.

J. WILLIAM DITTER's seat is vacant today, but he is not forgotten. For

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

J. WILLIAM DITTER is not dead. He lives in the everlasting records of this House. He lives in the hearts of those who knew and loved him. He lives, let us hope, in that better world where the lives of just men are made perfect.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *November 22, 1943.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal Father, strong to save, as we pause at Thy altar, do Thou hear our prayer. Bless us with minds calmed and fortified by moments of withdrawal and communion. Let our words come from fountains of personal rectitude folding away doubts and difference. Not one wise word ever loses its force, not one pure enthusiasm ever failed, nor one sacrifice ever came to nought.

Increase the power of our faith in orderly government and our trust in the events of Thy providence. Impress us that there is no satisfaction comparable to that of duty wisely performed and no regret like the consciousness of opportunities lost and wasted. Grant that all ills and evils which come from discord and misunderstanding may be subdued and the ways which lead to wisdom and harmony be kept open. Dear Lord, banish all narrowness of vision and every thought of expediency and strengthen us in our deliberations with the sense of proportion, ever guarding us against the consuming weakness of avarice and ambition.

Heavenly Father, how great are Thy mysteries, and Thy ways are past finding out. Thy voice is heard in inscrutable depths of human experience, in solemn warning, and we bless Thee that it is heard in the aspirations which lead to the paradise of the soul. We pause. A double alarm is at our door, and there is no response. Two of our most capable public servants have left us. They had the respect and the admiration and the love of all their colleagues.

"Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom."

In our Saviour's name. Amen.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, it is with deep regret and profound sorrow that I announce the death of our colleague the able Representative from the Seventeenth District of the State of Pennsylvania, the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER. I offer a resolution (H. Res. 362), which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of 10 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, J. WILLIAM DITTER, familiarly known as "Bill" to all the Members of the House, was one of the outstanding Representatives, a tireless worker, an able debater, a man who was always admired and respected, even by those Members who opposed his views and expressions. As a member of the Committee on Appropriations, his keen mind and training were of unquestioned service to this country. He was an outstanding member of the bar. Bill sacrificed his practice to serve during these critical times in the interests of the Nation. His untimely passing will be a great loss to his district, to his State, and to his Nation.

I think it fitting that I read at this time a letter received by the Speaker this morning:

The SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,
Washington, November 22, 1943.

The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. SPEAKER: It was with deep regret this morning that I learned of the tragic death of the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER, Representative from Pennsylvania.

Mr. DITTER, during his career in Congress, has been a true friend of the Navy and his loss will be deeply felt by the personnel of the Navy and of the Navy Department.

In all dealings with him we found him to have the best interests of the Nation at heart.

The Nation, the House of Representatives, and the Navy have suffered a keen loss in his passing.

Very truly yours,

FRANK KNOX.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts, the minority leader [Mr. Martin].

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, one of the saddest duties of my career in this body confronts me this morning; that is to speak of the tragic death of our greatly esteemed colleague, the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER, of Pennsylvania. About 1 o'clock this morning, I was awakened to receive the shocking news that BILL DITTER had been killed earlier in an airplane crash. It was difficult for me, as I know it is difficult for you, to realize that one so vigorous, so full of energy, so filled with love of life and interest in his work, could pass so quickly from this world.

The tragic death of the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER will shock the Nation. In his untimely passing his country lost a patriotic legislator; the House of Representatives lost a brilliant and able Member; his colleagues lost an associate for whom we all had a deep affection; the Republican Party lost a tireless worker. I know I speak for the whole House

in saying that the deep sympathy of this entire body goes out to our dead colleague's bereaved family.

It was my privilege to have enjoyed the close friendship of BILL DITTER since he first came to Congress. His outstanding ability, his splendid gifts as an orator, his brilliant mentality marked him as one who would have gone far in serving his country had he been spared this tragic end.

He served for years as a member of the important Committee on Appropriations, and in this service he acquired a profound knowledge of the Government and its operations. His service on the Subcommittee on Naval Affairs had rendered him an authority on those matters. He had contributed much to the development of the American Navy.

He was three times selected by his associates as chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee.

As a teacher, lawyer, public prosecutor, and legislator, he served well the people of Pennsylvania and the Nation.

We can ill afford, especially in times like these, and with the problems which lie ahead of us to be solved, to lose a great American like BILL DITTER.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kinzer].

Mr. KINZER. My colleagues, a deep sorrow has fallen upon the Pennsylvania congressional delegation in the untimely and sudden death of our colleague which occurred last night at 8:30, about 10 miles from my home while he was on his way from Massachusetts to his home in Ambler. The storm drove them 80 miles west entirely out of their course, and the plane crashed near the town of Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., at 8:30 last night. WILL DITTER came to this Congress well equipped by education, study, and personality, more than a decade ago and from that time to this he has represented the Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania. He knew his constituents. He understood their problems, their sorrows, their hopes, and their aspirations, and he at all

times met them and aided them in every way within his power in the solving of those problems.

WILL DITTER was an able Member of this House worthy of any adversary, with few equals and no superiors in forensic debate. We shall miss him, and I shall miss him as a neighbor and a close personal friend. He has been helpful to all of us; he has been kind to us. In his passing our sympathy goes out to his helpmeet and wife who through the years has aided him in every way, and likewise our sympathy goes out to his son and daughter who have lost the guiding hand of a loving father.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Taber].

Mr. TABER. Mr. Speaker, the House bows its head in greatest grief this morning. Two of our distinguished leaders are gone.

J. WILLIAM DITTER came to this House with a wonderful record behind him. Most of the time he has been here he has served with me upon the Committee on Appropriations. All of that time on the committee he has been a member of the Naval Subcommittee, and has had as much to do as any man with the naval preparations that have come in the last few years. But, his service was diversified. He served upon the Committee on the District of Columbia, upon the Interior Department Subcommittee; upon the Treasury and Post Office Department Subcommittee, and in later years upon the Deficiency Committee.

To my mind he was the ablest debater on the floor of this House. He was a great lawyer and an expert accountant. Those qualities made of him one of the very best cross-examiners I have ever seen.

To lose such a man at such a time as this, in the time of our Nation's greatest trial, is a blow to the Republic. Our sympathy goes out in fullest measure to that family of his to whom he was so keenly devoted.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the majority leader, the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. MCCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, I was grievously shocked upon receiving word of the death of our late friend—my genuine friend—BILL DITTER. Our friendship started early in his congressional career dating back more than 10 years.

His qualities of leadership, his power of speech, his lovable personality quickly brought him to the forefront among our Republican colleagues, and these same qualities endeared him to the entire House.

I can see him now in debate from his position in the third row, and I can see him walking across the House, particularly when there was colloquy or some passage which had taken place between himself and some other Member—and frequently I was that other Member—and how I marveled at his ability, his rapidity of thought, and the difficulty of undermining his position.

BILL DITTER and I often crossed swords on matters involving differences of opinion, and occasionally on matters involving some political color in which we engaged in debate, but always these exchanges were of the most impersonal and friendly nature.

As previously said today in tribute to him, BILL DITTER was "a foeman worthy of any man's steel." He was always fair in debate. Strong advocate though he was, he never resorted to small practices. He was a man of high ideals. He possessed nobility of character. He had the courage of his convictions and never did he hesitate to freely express them.

One emotion BILL DITTER firmly possessed, and that was his love of the House of Representatives.

In his untimely and tragic death this House has lost one of its stalwarts. The Nation has been deprived of a truly great statesman. Throughout his service in the House BILL DITTER, as I lovingly and fondly refer to him, was ever interested in the United States Navy. He was one of its

strongest advocates and supporters. His only boy, I am informed, was just recently commissioned in the Navy; and he was intensely proud of that boy.

I am further advised that there is being completed at the Willow Grove Naval Air Station—which was BILL DITTER'S destination last evening when the fatal accident occurred—a chapel which will bear a plaque at the entrance, the inscription for which was chosen by BILL DITTER. That inscription will read:

A house of prayer.

And then these words, from the Psalms:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

I have faith that his life has been acceptable to the Redeemer and that his soul is in God's keeping.

Mr. CANNON of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, the casualty lists from the battle fronts are lengthening. Every morning there is delivered at the door of homes throughout the Nation telegrams which read, "Regret to inform you that your son——"

But all the war casualties are not on the other side, and we have one tragically reported here this morning. Congressman DITTER was as much a participant in the war effort, as much a part of the American forces as any boy who mans a machine gun or pilots a plane across the enemy frontiers today.

As a member of the Committee on Appropriations he not only cooperated in the heavy responsibilities of the committee in providing funds for the support of the entire war program, but as ranking minority member of the Subcommittee on Naval Appropriations, he gave unstintedly of his time and attention, and of his great talents, to the work of that committee in the development of a two-ocean Navy and of American sea power which has given the United States the greatest Navy ever launched under the flag of any nation in the history of the world—a Navy which has been up to this time, and will continue to be with increasing emphasis,

a determining factor in this war of extermination and survival now waged in every quarter of the globe.

WILLIAM DITTER was a man of exceptional ability. He was an outstanding figure in the Congress and in the Nation. He rendered a distinguished service to his State, to the Congress, to his party, and especially to his country.

He died at his post of duty and in line of action, and if he could have sent us a last message I am certain that message would have been, "Carry on." In the words of Saul, as paraphrased by Lord Byron:

> Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
> Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord.
> Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
> Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!
>
> Thou who are bearing my buckler and bow,
> Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe.
> Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
> Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.
>
> Farewell to others, but never we part,
> Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
> Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
> Or kingly the death, which awaits us today!

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Simpson].

Mr. SIMPSON of Pennsylvania. It is hard to speak of a so recently departed colleague. The Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER of Pennsylvania has gone from our midst at the zenith of his career. To speak of BILL DITTER from this spot of his triumphs is difficult—to realize his absence in future deliberations of this body impossible. He was called by our All Knowing Father for an even higher purpose—that of furthering His design for Mankind. By his absence the burden each of us assumes is increased. May we assume it willingly.

To his dear ones remaining we extend our sympathies and express our regrets. We know that in remembering their loved one they will find a lasting satisfaction.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Wigglesworth].

Mr. WIGGLESWORTH. Mr. Speaker, the tragic and untimely death of our able colleague and distinguished friend the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, carries with it a sense of shock and deep personal loss.

For years I have worked closely with BILL DITTER. I have worked closely with him as a member of the Committee on Appropriations, as a member of the subcommittee in charge of deficiency appropriations, as a member of the Republican Congressional Committee. In days gone by he has come into my district to speak in my behalf. Only a few days ago, as the Members will recall—in perhaps his last speech on the floor of this House—his friendship was evidenced in striking manner.

No one could work closely with him as I have without having for him both high regard and deep affection. I shall miss him greatly.

BILL DITTER'S death is a great loss to the Nation. His contribution to the Navy and in other fields of outstanding importance is well known to us all. His gift of expression, his capacity in debate, his power of analysis, his knowledge of human nature combined to give him a continually increasing influence on the floor of this House and held for him the prospect of an even brighter and more useful future in the service of his country. The Nation can ill afford, Mr. Speaker, to lose one of his high character and outstanding capacity in these difficult days.

I join in heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Ditter and to the members of the family who survive him.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Lambertson].

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, we are downcast today over the passing of our two colleagues. J. WILLIAM DITTER was sitting by me Friday in a committee hearing. We shall miss him much, for he was an able Member of the House. Besides

being penetrating, he was conscientious and forceful. While he occupied a position of leadership in the party, he was a thoroughgoing American and at his zenith in public usefulness. May his memory help us to do our duty better.

It was never my privilege to have served in a committee with Mr. Steagall, but I have observed him for nearly eight terms on the floor. I appreciated his high worth. It is very unusual to lose two men in the same 24 hours. It is so rare that they should both be men of such distinguished leadership.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Plumley].

Mr. PLUMLEY. Mr. Speaker, my long-time and never-to-be-forgotten connection with J. WILLIAM DITTER, ranking member of the Subcommittee on Appropriations for the Navy, on which I served with him at his solicitation, was too confidential and too intimate; my personal relations and those of my family with him and his family were and are so close that I do not trust myself to try at this time to pay to his memory so just and rich a tribute as I hope later to be able to pay, somewhat commensurate with his desserts.

Until then and upon this mournful occasion may I say only that so well did I know BILL DITTER, I dare to say that could he have been heard to have spoken as he met the grisly thing called death, he might have been heard to say as he went to the reward of just men made perfect:

Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
  Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
  Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine.

Let me go quickly like a candle light
  Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow.
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
  Thus would I go.

And grant that when I face the grisly Thing,
  My song may trumpet down the gray Perhaps.
Let me be as a tune-swept fiddle string
  That feels the Master Melody—and snaps!

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Rodgers].

Mr. RODGERS of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, once again the black camel of death has entered our midst knelt at the threshold of the earthly home of two of our colleagues, and summoned them to go on that long journey to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler e'er returns.

When I received early this morning the information at my hotel that BILL DITTER had been killed in an airplane crash I could not speak; words failed me. It fails me now, it fails all of us, to find words properly to express our regret and our sorrow at his untimely passing. We shall miss his cheery greeting, his ever-readiness to be helpful to us in any way that lay within his power. His place in committee, on the floor, in the councils of his party will be hard to fill. His community, his State, his Nation, has suffered a great loss. To the bereaved family we extend our deepest heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sudden tragedy.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from Massachusetts [Mrs. Rogers].

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, the full scope of our loss today is not realized I believe, by any one of us. We are too stunned and shocked. We have lost two of the great leaders of the greatest legislative body in the world, the House of Representatives.

Very soon a Member learns to measure the ability, the character, and equipment of his fellow Members. These two gentlemen were well prepared when they came to the House, but they grew steadily year by year in stature and in their ability to get things done for America.

A great writer once said: "It is not life that matters but the courage we bring to it." Both these men always showed rare courage. Both these men had a great belief in God, a firm conviction in the hereafter, and that if you lived properly and courageously you went to that Great Beyond. It is

my belief that that is why they were so courageous, why they were leaders, and why their actions in the House will help us to carry on. Their spirit will lead us along the way.

Each man died in the service of his country. The senior Member, Henry B. Steagall, died as a result of an overtaxed heart as the result of war work and a long speech made on the House floor when he was very ill last week. Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER died while carrying out his work for the Navy he loved so well. I believe if he could have chosen the way he was to meet his death, he would have wished to go as he did in a Navy plane while performing a service for the conduct of the war. The Navy wrote a tribute of respect and appreciation of his great contribution in appropriating funds for strengthening of all branches of the Navy. We especially owe this statesman and patriot unfailing gratitude.

Both these men had a great graciousness and a great gentleness. Neither man was ever too busy to sit down and talk things over and talk things out with a fellow Member. The last thing either of them said to me was an encouraging, helpful word. As we grieve, our deepest, most understanding sympathy goes to their families.

There are no party lines when we lose those we love in the House but, of course, the blow falls more heavily upon members of the party to which the departed friend belonged. In the passing of WILLIAM DITTER the Republicans have suffered an irreparable loss. A tireless, effective worker, modest, unassuming, a brilliant debater of great ability, a fine friend, we shall miss him more than we can say.

Both leaders were nationally known. The Nation will pause with us and mourn their loss.

Every Member in the House today realizes that for Henry Steagall and WILLIAM DITTER there is no death.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Graham].

Mr. GRAHAM. Mr. Speaker, the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken. The picture is dashed to pieces. Today those of us who live and move around are conscious of two outstanding men. It has been well said that at the moment we do not realize the loss we have suffered. As the days go on and as time unfolds and the work of this House must be carried on for the benefit of the Nation and the world at large, we shall miss these two men more than we at the moment can imagine.

One day I asked our colleague from Pennsylvania, as he was passing back and forth "Why is it that you do not go to the Well?" He said, "I consider it a mark of disrespect to the Speaker to turn my back on that Chair and the man who occupies it." I may say, Mr. Speaker, that no man in my acquaintanceship held in higher respect the traditions of this great body than did our brother DITTER.

Many points have been emphasized in the lives and characters of these men, their kindness, their gentleness, their ability, their scholarly attainments, but underneath it all there is something like the Biblical phrase: "Underneath it all are the eternal arms sustaining."

I often think of my friend, and I speak of him now as a friend with the deepest feeling. Frequently he would come to me and ask, "Have you time to look up a little law for me?" or "Will you look up this point for me to make dead sure I am right?" He never entered this Well and never crossed swords with an opponent until he felt he was firmly grounded, that he was established as it were bottomed on the law, and then with that marvelous skill of repartee of the adroit rapier thrust that no man in this House possesses, and I speak from a knowledge of 38 years in the criminal courts of the United States in my State, never have I seen in my time such a cross-examiner, such a debater, such a man of skill as this man, yet with it all kindly gentle. One day, I recall with distinctness when a Member on the opposition said to me that he

felt hurt over something Mr. DITTER had said, I overtook our colleague, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, at the door and told him. Like a flash he said he would not hurt a man in this House under any consideration, and, "I will go at once and I will apologize to him, I will strike it from the Record," and to his everlasting credit that was done.

That is the measure of a man. Not in the triumph of his success did he wish in any way to hurt his fellow men, but with all kindness, gentleness, and softness, all the time upholding his party and his position, yet through it all having consideration for his fellow man.

If you will pardon another personal reference, may I refer to his daughter who is associated with him in the practice of law. What a remarkable thing it is for a father and daughter to be associated. Frequently we know of fathers and sons being associated together but it is a rare thing indeed that a daughter emulates her father and follows in his course. Then there is his son and what pride he had in that boy and the fact he was entering the Navy. The only time I ever saw him show any emotion was one day when he was speaking to me he said: "You do not know, you will never know the pride of a father, the pride I have in my son entering the Navy and going out to defend our country."

Is it any wonder that we from Pennsylvania are proud of this man, proud of his memory, the marvelous courage he has left us and that we are so glad to pay tribute to him here today? It seems to me that in the days that he taught in the Northeastern High School of Philadelphia, when he taught the subjects of history and economics, that something went through his every fiber and system, for I know of no man in this House who took a greater interest in the history of his country and a greater pride. Living near Valley Forge, passing through Germantown and on the Brandywine day by day passing Independence Hall, the memories of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the Continental United States, the Congress of

the Confederacy and all those great heroes and characters, this man had taken something into his very being that meant something for America. He was a genuine American through it all. Now he is gone.

I know of no words more beautiful than the words of George Matheson, the blind English preacher, and if you will indulge me for a moment I would like to read them as a true sentiment of my own feelings toward Mr. DITTER:

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

—*George Matheson.*

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Bradley].

Mr. BRADLEY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, in common with all of my colleagues from Pennsylvania, I was shocked and stunned by the tragic circumstances surrounding the death of BILL DITTER, to a degree that does not permit expression. He was no less a casualty of the war than are those who have died on the sea, in the air, and on the battlefields in this war. He died in the service of the Navy which he loved and which he had served so well.

This aisle may divide us along party lines but it can never divide us in friendship and in affection. For BILL DITTER, I always felt a sincere and deep affection. I feel I have sustained a personal loss. Our State has lost a man, who, in the service rendered to it, has not been surpassed by anyone, who in our time has been in public life in the State of Pennsylvania.

To his wife and family, I extend my sincere sympathy in this hour of bereavement and I pray that Almighty God will give consolation to him.

Many of us, because of the duties which confront us every day and the new problems that arise engaging our attention, are prone too soon to forget our associates; but they have the right to expect that those of us, who have been so intimately associated with them day by day, shall not forget them. To us they cry, "Have pity, have pity, at least, you my friend, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

As we mourn them today, as we recall their memory in the days to come, I would say that it would be well if we would remember the injunction of Holy Scripture, "That it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Halleck].

Mr. HALLECK. Mr. Speaker, in these troublesome times with our Nation and the world at war, we are constantly in the presence of death, stark and sudden. Almost every day we learn of such a death of someone near and dear to us. But not even the present frequency of these unhappy experiences can alleviate the shock occasioned by the sudden, wholly unexpected and tragic death of one so close to us as was our colleague J. WILLIAM DITTER. Those of us who have served with him in the Congress of the United States and all of us who knew him are utterly devastated by the sad news conveyed to us this morning.

I find myself at a loss for words to adequately tell of my love and respect for BILL DITTER. Forceful and able, a master

of rough and tumble debate, he was yet always kindly and courteous, friendly and fair. A man of his word. A promise made by him was a commitment to be kept. To be helpful to others was one of his greatest desires. Untold scores of us in the Congress and many thousands in the country can bear witness to this plain statement of fact.

Much more might I say of the life and character of my friend, BILL DITTER. For this occasion, suffice it to say that he had the complete respect of his colleagues, and greater than that no man can say. His active service was on the home front, here among his colleagues in the Congress of the United States, but the influence of his earnest and constructive efforts was felt on every front, from the frozen fields of Iceland to the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal. We have lost a friend and the Nation has lost a great and loyal patriot. Truly a general has fallen.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Tibbott].

Mr. TIBBOTT. Mr. Speaker, all of us mourn the loss of our distinguished colleague, J. WILLIAM DITTER. His untimely death is not only a severe shock to the State of Pennsylvania, but the Nation as well.

It is difficult to understand why one of his character should be taken from us so suddenly. A Divine Providence closed the portals on his life at a time when he was standing on the panel of a notable and brilliant career in the Congress of the United States. Though his voice, which always rang out in the true Christian spirit, is now muted, he will live forever in our minds and hearts.

BILL DITTER was a devout Christian. He was the sort of man that one felt free to consult. His wise counsel was so often a blessing to a new Member. He had an army of friends and no enemies. He leaves to his family the priceless heritage of a good name and the record of a life full of devotion to his country, his family, and friends.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Gross].

Mr. GROSS. Mr. Speaker, this morning as I walked down the Avenue to my office I noticed that the flags were at half mast on the House Office Building. When I inquired and was told that my friend BILL DITTER had met such a tragic end within a few miles of my home, it stopped me in my path.

My good friend DITTER—and when I say "my good friend" I mean that BILL was my friend. I have enjoyed very few personal friendships of this character in my time. We believe in God and when we lose a friend, ofttimes we think about his future. I am not thinking about BILL DITTER's future today. I know that he had religious experiences in his life, that he had a complete knowledge of his creed, and that he enjoyed a strong faith and a lively hope. In that I today find consolation.

I came to the Congress in 1939. I learned to know him during that campaign. He realized that I needed his help, and he always extended it to me. He called me the landsman. He knew I came from the grass roots. Coming from the grass roots, I soon learned to know that while our good friend, BILL DITTER, was a man who had the ability to do big things and did do big things he never overlooked the little things and us little people. In Congress and out of Congress he had one ambition, to further the interests of his country and his party.

While he was big and could have domineered, and while he could have issued orders to us fellows from the grass roots, he never did. He just asked us for our cooperation, if we thought we could go along, and generally we went along because of his strong character and his influence, which was based not on power but on the fine qualities of a Christian gentleman.

I am not concerned today about his future. I am wondering who can take his place.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Ludlow].

Mr. LUDLOW. Mr. Speaker, it has been a long time since I have had such a shock as I received this morning, when I picked up the paper and read the news of the sudden death of our loved colleague, Mr. DITTER. I wish to join in the tribute of deep and genuine sorrow which our colleagues preceding me have paid to him and which we hear on every hand.

It had been my privilege to enjoy intimate acquaintanceship with Mr. DITTER as a result of many years of association with him on the Committee on Appropriations and on the Subcommittee on Deficiencies, which has jurisdiction over many matters affecting the Nation's vital interests. It seems tragic beyond words that the chair which he occupied at the committee table only last week is vacant today. His death has left an aching void in the hearts of all the members of our subcommittee, as it has in the hearts of all who knew him.

I do not think I ever met a more lovable man than Mr. DITTER revealed himself to be when you got right next to him and obtained a grasp of his wonderfully kind and ingratiating personality. If in the asperities of debate he by inadvertence said anything that wounded the feelings of an antagonist, he made immediate amends, for he was so warm in his friendship for his fellow men that he would not hurt the sensibilities of any person for anything on earth. I remember once on this floor when he had launched into a criticism of Judge Vinson, I reminded him that the judge had just taken over his office and could not possibly know about the things he was being criticized for and his reaction was an immediate and abject apology. My reminder had presented the situation in its true light, and he was too great a man, too devoted to principles of justice to want to be unfair to anyone.

He was always considerate and thoughtful of others, and the friendliness which he radiated bound men to him as with hoops of steel. I remember that I once did a small favor for

him; it was a very minor circumstance, but he never ceased to be appreciative. He gave the best there was in him to his country and to the service of humanity. We of the committee working circle to which he belonged, who knew him so well and liked him so much, will carry on with sorrow in our hearts and will always think of him as a blessed memory. He was a sweet soul, a loving soul; and as we bid him farewell we might appropriately paraphrase the encomium that Hamlet paid to his father:

He was a man, take him for all in all we shall not see his like again.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentlewoman from Ohio [Mrs. Bolton].

Mrs. BOLTON. Mr. Speaker, like everyone in this House I came to the floor this morning with sorrow in my heart. That such strong men should be taken from us from one day to the next is a devastating experience for us all.

In the sudden dramatic passing of the beloved Member from Pennsylvania, WILLIAM DITTER, there has gone from our midst a man of strong personality who has made for himself a place we all can envy . His was a strong hand, yet a gentle one. To so many of us he has been a close friend, a kind counselor, never asking anything of us, never expecting anything, and yet because he expected nothing of us often forcing us into something perhaps better than ourselves, even though that something would be in disagreement with his own views. To my mind that is a quality but few people possess: The ability to clarify a subject without partisanship, without bias, leaving you free to form your own conclusions. To me he always showed that capacity.

We talked together many times of life and of the imminence of death, and of its meaning. One day I said to him, After all, is it not true as the ancients have said that if you would know the meaning of death you must seek it in the very heart of life? After all, life is an eternal thing, an eternal flow, a never-ending adventure.

And we would talk sometimes about the various phases of life, of passing from one stage of existence into another. We spoke of the dragon fly, that emerges from its chrysalis, dries its wings, and then without any knowledge of where it is going, flies off into the sun toward the light and the glory. Though it go far on its first day, it comes back to the place from which it took its wings, and hovers over the water, over the place where it was born.

For myself, I like to think that those who have been with us have not gone far, that they still share with us here in these halls, during these very serious times, perhaps in closer communion that we know, the problems that are ours, and I know that BILL DITTER's heart was here, in the halls where we struggle to keep our country free, to protect her, to give our dream for her reality. Surely he has not gone far! It is for us to pull aside the veils that lie between, that we may hear the message that he still has to give to us as each day we sit here.

I often think that these chairs that look so empty at times are in reality filled to overflowing! How deeply we should feel our responsibilities to interpret for those who are invisible, yes, but still so very potent. After all the invisible life is closest to the Infinite. Is it not perhaps true that those we cannot see are our strongest hope? I lay upon this desk along with all of the eulogies that we have heard, these few words with the hope that because this man has been with us, we in our turn may do more truly the service they died to render.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Scott].

Mr. SCOTT. Mr. Speaker, in common with all of you I mourn BILL DITTER as a colleague, as a friend, and as a distinguished Member of this body. To me he was somewhat more than that, because he was for so long a time my neighbor. My home is only a few yards from the beginning of BILL DITTER's

district. His home is only a short distance from mine. I have known him since his first term in the Congress and when I came to this body as a very new Member, I looked to him as an adviser, as a counselor, and, above everything else, as a sincere, trusted friend.

I knew also the very fine young naval officer who, in common with BILL DITTER, this rain-swept evening which has just passed, also reached out and touched the hand of God. I think as truly as Lieutenant Commander Mansure died on active duty in the service of his country, so also it is fitting and it is proper that we take note that BILL DITTER likewise died in the service of his country, and that it may be said of them as it was said of those fallen valiants who have gone before—

> They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
> Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
> At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
> We will remember them.

I had occasion when I read the shocking news this morning to look up the last words that our friend and colleague spoke on the floor of this House. They were so typical of him and his great love for this country that I think they ought to be repeated here as a fitting part of his farewell to us who remain for yet a short time. He said, on the 19th of November in this hall:

> As a people we are sorely in need of a reestablishment of faith in the integrity of government.

His belief in the integrity of government, of the Nation which he loved, was reflected in that statement, and in all his life and in all his career; in the estimate of his fellowmen he stood for integrity of purpose and of character.

He knew so well that "upon knowledge is an house builded, with wisdom shall its chambers be filled with all beauteous and pleasant riches," for indeed he had a firm grounding of sound knowledge and he knew the riches of wisdom.

It is with heavy hearts that we say to him at journey's end: "Go with God."

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Gavin].

Mr. GAVIN. Mr. Speaker, today we record the passing of a great leader, J. WILLIAM DITTER.

Of J. WILLIAM DITTER it can be said he was one of Pennsylvania's outstanding Representatives of all time. "Bill," as we all knew him, was a man whose life was enriched and developed not only by early training but by constant self-discipline in early life, which blended in him gifts and graces which when taken alone are vary rare. In all his actions he moved with such ease and courtesy that I think it may be said without exaggeration that wherever he moved he seemed to radiate vitality and charm. He was always calm, strong and self-confident. Never lost his self-possession. Never an unwise act, nor a word spoken in haste or ill-considered. Also he seemed to have that wider and greater gift—the power of understanding and sympathizing with other people regardless of whom or what their difficulties may have been. He evidenced a love of people, not so much by honeyed phrases but by good counsel, kind deeds, and useful services.

In all things he had charity. Tolerance was of his nature. He respected in others the quality he possessed himself—sincerity of conviction and frankness of expression.

With him the inquiry was not what a man believed but did he believe it. His lines of friendship and confidants encircled men in every creed. He had a lengthening list of friends in all elements of our social life.

On all problems he responded with an alacrity of a man who had become the willing servant of public duty—always with the same resourcefulness, the same masterly personality which never failed him in any of the fields of action in which he had been called upon to play his part.

I cannot attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of his service in public life in a short space of time, and it is needless; his life comprised a term of some years and produced a performance which I may say genuinely has been by his toil and stimulated by patriotism for his country, a record that has won for him the hearty commendation of the people of his State and Nation.

His abiding faith in the principles of liberty and of the Government, based on the consent of the people as an instrument of human progress, was not the outcome of any vigorous enthusiasm but the deep-rooted growth of long years. He drew his strength from his experience with men and affairs. In all things it can be said he was an American and his ambition was to hand on to posterity and the generation of tomorrow a greater America than was handed on to him.

He had a broad generosity, and extended to his opponents the same sincerity and honesty that he demanded for himself. No man was better equipped for parliamentary warfare than he, with his commanding presence, sinewy diction, and imperturbable self-control.

His genius in politics was a genius of a leader, his dominance based on strength, iron will, irresistible determination, indomitable courage, tireless toil, amazing intellect, and last but not least those qualities of character which command men's trust and confidence.

Such a life as Bill Ditter needs no moralizing from me. His deep and genuine piety—his adherence to his church, his keeping of his own conscience void of offense before God and man, and his characteristics of a spiritual soldier, to me commends our hearty remembrances, more than any other of his accomplishments.

Bill had a goodness of soul, kindness of heart, devotion to duty, and the highest concepts of citizenship. My friends, we will miss the sound of his voice, the grasp of his hand, his hearty laughter, and that fine companionship which we have enjoyed over the years.

For all he tried to do to help his community, his State and his Nation, and his fellowman he regarded as part of his daily routine to be done and not talked about.

BILL was a humble man who delighted in lifting the burdens of life from the shoulders of others. A man who made the best of life as he found it.

A man who rejoiced mightily when any little act or deed of his added to the lives of the rest of us. A man who brought joy to our daily lives and lightened our daily tasks.

So, today, it is with a feeling of deep sadness that we record his passing, and remember him for the many little acts of kindness that have marked his friendship and the good will toward the membership of this House.

We do him this last great honor and may his soul rest in peace.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Gerlach].

Mr. GERLACH. Mr. Speaker, the shocking news I have received this morning of the tragic death of my good friend and colleague, the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER, makes this one of the saddest days of my life.

For almost 5 years I have worked with him, and I know that he used every hour to further his ambition that was not personal, but in the interests of the Nation he loved. His great service to all of America, and to his party, was the service of a high-minded, eager, intensely devoted and loyal person. We, on both sides of the aisle in this House, owe him much for having infused such tremendous energy and influence in our work toward a more peaceful intercourse with other countries.

BILL DITTER was still a young man, and though he had ventured far toward his goal of great usefulness to the Nation he honored and revered, he might still have gone on to even more glorious heights. How far, we do not know, for now, as he crashed in what might well be said was the

mid-flight of his career, we know only that there remain broken plans and shattered dreams, the last mortal evidence of a distinguished son of Pennsylvania.

Our Republican Party honored this noble friend with positions of importance and trust. He proved, as a Member of this legislative body, to be a student of government and an astute leader of men. The capability, industry, and energy that marked his every day of life brought him distinction as a public figure, and devotion as a trustworthy friend.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Lanham].

Mr. LANHAM. Mr. Speaker, words have not been coined to express at a time like this the emotions of the heart. We are doubly sad in the passing of two distinguished and beloved friends and fellow workers. They have gone, through the guidance of their faith, to the home of the faithful. They have departed from this House to a house not made with hands, where all are of one brotherhood.

At such a time, Mr. Speaker, we realize the vital fact that the basic values of life are spiritual and as we mourn our loss of these two beloved colleagues, one from each side of the aisle, I can think of no more fitting tribute for us to pay their memory than to carry on together in promoting personally and governmentally, the teachings of the Master for a better America and for a better world.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Murphy].

Mr. MURPHY. Mr. Speaker, I rise on this occasion to say a word of tribute about BILL DITTER, because of the very many acts of kindness he has shown to me since I came to this body.

On our trip to Chester to see the launching of the ships, I learned to know him and love him and respect him and admire him.

I can express my sentiments in no better way than in the prayer, "Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon him."

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Sheridan].

Mr. SHERIDAN. Mr. Speaker, when the news reached me of the death of BILL DITTER and sitting here this afternoon and listening to the eulogies paid him, the greatest tribute that has been paid to him by each of our colleagues is that they have referred to him as BILL DITTER. That is the appellation we gave him as a friend. As a colleague you knew him, but I, as a brother member of the bar, knew him in a personal nature. We had been on both sides of the rail, as they say. BILL DITTER, was respected and honored and esteemed as an advocate. He went right down the line as one of the most ethical members of the bar of the State of Pennsylvania. I know I speak the sentiment of his friends and brother members of the bar when I say that we join with his family—his widow and his son and daughter—in their hour of bereavement.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield at this time to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Scanlon].

Mr. SCANLON. Mr. Speaker, it was with profound sorrow that I heard this morning of the death of our very distinguished and able colleague, BILL DITTER.

A few years ago, when I first came to this House, BILL DITTER was a friend of mine, although he was on the other side of the aisle. He gave me counsel which has helped me greatly in this Congress. We, of Pennsylvania, have lost a great statesman. The Nation has lost a great statesman. Most of all, his wife has lost a devoted husband, and his son and daughter have lost a loving father.

Later on I shall extend my remarks more properly to pay my respects to our beloved friend BILL DITTER.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Fenton].

Mr. FENTON. Mr. Speaker, the sudden and tragic death of J. WILLIAM DITTER has withdrawn from this House one of the most outstanding Members who ever served in the Capitol, particularly from Pennsylvania. Mr. DITTER's untimely demise has occurred in one of the most momentous periods of our history when, as never before, we are in need of men who, like BILL DITTER, know only one "ism" and that is Americanism. Yes, BILL DITTER's intense love for America made him a bitter and dangerous foe of all "isms" but Americanism. God grant that this spirit of his will carry on until we have the peace which now is his.

To discuss BILL DITTER's many accomplishments would require a great amount of time and unlimited space. Suffice it to say that may Mr. DITTER's accomplishments in the vineyard of his Master be as great as his achievements in the Congress where he served so well and with such outstanding distinction. A fearless and fair fighter, he is beloved by friend and foe alike. His memory will live long in the hearts of his fellow man whom he so faithfully served.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley].

Mr. KELLEY. Mr. Speaker, two of our distinguished and illustrious Members, Mr. Henry B. Steagall and Mr. J. WILLIAM DITTER, have gone to eternity, time has ceased for them. They have gone to their reward which they so richly deserved.

In their labors for years for the common man and the interest of the Nation as a whole they worked diligently and there was a selflessness without thought of what the cost might be to them.

I have a feeling of profound grief this morning and a sense of loss sustained by this body. I wish to extend my sincere and deepest sympathy to their families in their loss.

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Rolph].

Mr. ROLPH. Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM DITTER, Republican! Henry Steagall, Democrat! Until 3 years ago, when I came to the House, I did not know either of these gentlemen, yet my association with them has become so close that it would seem as though I have known them all my life.

The Nation will be hard put to secure men to fill the places of these two outstanding Americans. I extend affectionate, heartfelt sympathy to their loved ones.

Mr. Speaker, I should like at this time to repeat, in memory of these two great colleagues of ours, words penned by a fellow San Franciscan, Anna Newbegin. These lines are captioned "All's well":

ALL'S WELL

Whatever comes is best—'tis the true way
That we should meet the hours in faith and say,
"What's mine no one can keep or take away
I'll give the best in song, in joy, or pain,
And leave all else without a thought of gain."
When twilight falls, and rest is mine, with care,
My soul can say, "All's well here, everywhere."

—*Anna Newbegin.*

Mr. WOLFENDEN of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Washington [Mr. Coffee].

Mr. COFFEE. Mr. Speaker, I know how feeble and inept are mere words orally spoken on this floor as instruments wherewith adequately to convey a condign tribute to the memory of two of the most distinguished Members of this body.

The House of Representatives has today indeed sustained a telling and a crushing blow in the shocking news transmitted to us of the sudden passing from our midst of these two renowned statesmen.

For J. WILLIAM DITTER I have conceived the profoundest admiration and the deepest affection having served with him as a colleague on the Subcommittee on Appropriations deal-

ing with naval appropriations. Day after day I would, figuratively speaking, sit at his feet and listen in the utmost admiration to the words so fluently pouring forth from his lips. BILL DITTER was gifted as are few men endowed with the power of felicitous and extemporaneous expression. He was a great lawyer, a scholar, patriot, and, above all, a humanitarian. His heart was as big as the world, and although often on this floor in sharp debate he would engage in colloquies with Members on the opposite side of the aisle on political discussions, we could always take without asperity from BILL the good-natured criticisms he enjoyed making in respect to Democratic Party policies, because we knew that he had a keen sense of humor and a flashing wit which softened the sting in any argument he might make. His spirit was magnanimous, his soul was big, his interests were all embracing. Yes; we can ill afford to lose these two men from the House of Representatives. I think it very fitting and proper that the Members of the House in such numbers today are moved to go down into the Well and from their hearts let flow a few words that may in some measure mitigate the severity of the blow and the intensity of the grief for the surviving members of the families of these two statesmen who have today gone from among us.

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, two great statesmen, both dear friends of mine, Hon. Henry Steagall and Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, have within the past few hours been called from our midst. I shall at this time speak only of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER of the State of Pennsylvania. It is difficult when the heart is full to give expression to the affection which one feels for a departed friend. I must confess that seldom has the unexpected passing of a friend inflicted a deeper wound upon my heart than the sudden and tragic death of him whom we all affectionately addressed as "Bill." While we have each lost one of the finest and truest friends, the great State of Pennsylvania has lost an outstanding statesman who has represented one of its congressional districts

with marked ability and fidelity. The range of the influence of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER was not only State-wide but Nation-wide. It has been said that no man is worth more than he contributes to the social, civic, and spiritual upbuilding of his community State, and Nation. Measured by the contributions of our dear friend "BILL" DITTER in these three fields of endeavor he has won the only true worth to which a man of his excellent character would aspire.

I extend my deepest sympathy in this time of their great grief to Mrs. Ditter and to the other members of his family.

Mr. WOLVERTON of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, today we are saddened by the news that has come to us of the passing away of our esteemed colleague, J. WILLIAM DITTER, of Pennsylvania. There was nothing that more certainly evidenced the friendly feeling of the Members of this House toward him than the custom of each to call him "Bill." It indicated above all else the affectionate regard in which he was held by the membership of this House, Democrats and Republicans alike. He was a kindly soul, friendly to all and always anxious to be helpful to all.

His memory will linger long and pleasantly with all who have had the privilege of acquaintanceship with him. It was my privilege to know him intimately. We were closely associated. As a result of this intimate friendship I knew the fine qualities of character and mind he possessed. Above all else he had the courage of his convictions, and, yet he could press his point in debate with vigor and strength without offending those with differing views. He was willing to acknowledge to them the same sincerity of purpose that characterized his own actions and words. "BILL" DITTER was a big man in every sense of the word.

He has served his Nation and State faithfully and well. He always thought in terms of the welfare of the Nation and its people. His service in building and strengthening our naval forces will ever be a monument to his love of country and his fidelity to the best interests of national defense and security.

The life that he has lived in our midst can well be an inspiration to each of us, who remain, to serve with equal courage, vision, and singleness of purpose. In the measure that we do so, to that extent will we merit similar tribute to that which has been so fittingly expressed today toward our deceased colleague.

Mr. O'NEAL. Mr. Speaker, the most satisfying reward for service in Congress is in the friendships which are made and in the daily contact with worth-while colleagues.

I have sat with WILLIAM DITTER from 2 to 4 hours a day for months at a time as a Member of the Appropriations Committee. I knew him well from daily observation and under conditions which bring into the open the true abilities and character of men. We have agreed often, we have battled often.

He had a remarkable facility of expression, a brilliant intellect, great courage and determination, and the capacity for friendship possessed only by men who are true, sincere, and fine in their thinking and living.

To have had such a friend as WILLIAM DITTER is to increase your faith in human nature, and to lose him brings a sorrow and a sense of loss that cannot be expressed.

Mr. COX. Mr. Speaker, as Carlyle said of Sir Walter Scott, "When he departed he took a man's life with him," I say of Henry Steagall and BILL DITTER that when they departed each took a man's life with him. Nothing but heaven can cover their high fame, no pyramid offset their memory, nothing but the eternal substance of their greatness.

Mr. CRAWFORD. Mr. Speaker, I, too, join with my colleagues in their eulogy of that great friend and citizen, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, whose tragic death occurred last evening. We shall miss him as a great Republican, as a statesman of the first order, as chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, as an exceptionally capable lawyer, and as an outstanding Christian gentleman. It was my priv-

ilege, Mr. Speaker, to break bread with Mr. DITTER and his family in their lovely home at Ambler, Pa., to worship at the family altar with our departed friend and his charming wife and his legally trained, captivating daughter, who is an unusual legal-daughter-partner of an extraordinary father. To have had the privilege of being a guest in his Christian home, to walk about his gardens with him, and to visit in his district among his friends and supporters was a method of taking a measure of the man which we cannot exactly do here on the House floor. He, his family to whom he was so greatly devoted, and the atmosphere of his home was an inspiration to any American whose fortune it might have been to have known them.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, someone has said, "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions."

The Grim Reaper that never tires, and never rests, has been busy at his appointed work. He has knocked upon the doors of two of the ablest and most distinguished Members of this body and called them to "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

Socrates contended that no good man should fear death; for, he said that if death is an endless sleep, as his enemies contended, then it was much to be preferred to a life of pain and toil; but he said that if he was correct in his belief in the immortality of the soul, then death was but a transition from this imperfect to that all-perfect, glorious and celestial realm above, over which the Supreme Ruler of the Universe presides.

Shakespeare quotes Julius Caesar as saying that "Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once."

The two distinguished Members of this august body who passed away within the last 24 hours, Henry B. Steagall, of Alabama, and J. WILLIAM DITTER, of Pennsylvania, never tasted death but once. They did not fear to go.

In the passing of Mr. DITTER, the news of whose death reached us first, we all received a most painful shock. I probably crossed swords with him as often as any other man in Congress, for the last few years and in so doing I always experienced—

> The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

BILL DITTER was a gentleman, a statesman and a patriot, who placed the welfare of his country above all personal and political concern.

Mr. SMITH of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I want to pay tribute with the other Members of the house to Mr. J. WILLIAM DITTER who has just passed on to the great beyond. In my few years of association with Mr. Ditter I learned to honor and respect him. He seemed to be peculiarly sensitive to other people's feelings, taking care always never to hurt them. In the many speeches I heard him make on the floor he was always fair and honest, for which, I am sure, he was admired by all the Members of this body. The Congress and the country have lost a splendid character and public servant.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I was shocked at an early hour this morning when a colleague called and told me of the demise of one of my friends and colleagues, the splendid gentleman from Pennsylvania, Honorable WILLIAM DITTER. It seems impossible that this tragic accident could happen to a friend with whom I was talking on the floor of the House last Thursday, discussing with him the mission on which the Committee on Navy Appropriations found it necessary to go to Chicago, and I asked him if he would take care of some other matters which are of interest and importance in the investigation. Congressman DITTER told me that he would take care of his portion of the investigation as soon as he got home. My experience with WILLIAM DITTER as a colleague and as a friend during my service in the House has been one of close friendship and cooperation. He was a man of great

ability and splendid understanding. It is very difficult for me to pay tribute to my friend under these circumstances, but I feel he will be amply rewarded by the Great Master of all destiny and told to "sit upon My right as your services on earth have been well and faithfully performed." To his family and the people of the State of Pennsylvania, I offer my sympathy for their loss.

Mr. MONKIEWICZ. Mr. Speaker, the Congress of the United States was shocked with the news of the untimely death of the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER, of Pennsylvania.

In these trying days when strong men are sought for leadership, the Congress of the United States was most fortunate in having among its numbers a colleague to whom it could look for such leadership. By far the outstanding debater on the floor of the House of Representatives, he always guided his argument within the bounds of ethics. No problem was too difficult for him to deal with to the minutest detail. A keen and thorough analyst he was blessed with such fluency that he was able to make difficult tasks appear simple. Well grounded in the history of our country, he was well equipped to handle any task assigned to him. His sense of humor made the dullest topic interesting. As a political leader he had the affection of those with whom he was associated and commanded the respect of his opponents. While he was a keen contestant, he was always kind to his rival. He was the idol of lovers of debate.

The House of Representatives in the demise of J. WILLIAM DITTER has lost an orator, who will be missed in these trying moments.

I join with all my other colleagues in expressing my deep and sincere feelings and sympathy to the members of his family.

Mr. SPRINGER. Mr. Speaker, I desire to pay my tribute to one of the outstanding Members of the House of Representatives who has gone before us, the Honorable J. WILLIAM

DITTER, of Pennsylvania. Last week he was among us, but on yesterday he was snatched away; we mourn his untimely death today.

Our fine colleague, who was strong in character, lovable by nature, dynamic in his presentation of the facts on every issue, pleasing in personality, and loyal in his friendships, was a great statesman and one of the outstanding legislators in this body.

It is tragic, indeed, that life must cease. Life is sweet to every citizen. The end comes all too soon, and the cares and responsibilities which have been assumed must be laid aside to be taken over by another. That is the roadway which all must travel. Yet it is extremely regrettable, at this moment, to have great men suddenly taken away from our midst when the demands are great upon the master minds of our country. We need men today as we have never needed them before. The demands upon those in high legislative positions are greater than ever before. We need their counsel, their wisdom, and their advice.

Mr. Speaker, today we suffer a dual loss in this Chamber. Our colleague, Representative STEAGALL, of Alabama, has answered the summons this morning. My loyal and personal friend, Representative DITTER, of Pennsylvania, suffered death yesterday evening in a most unfortunate airplane crash. The passing of these two outstanding Members of the House is a heavy blow indeed. We can ill-afford to lose any of our Members at this trying period in the history of our country. These two Members were leaders in the House, and it is a sad hour as we reflect that they will be with us no more. They have crossed the bar—their duties on earth have been completed.

Mr. Speaker, as we reflect upon the suddenness of the departure of our friends we are constrained to value their lifes' work and the result of their efforts. My friend of a few hours ago, WILL DITTER, was a human dynamo of energy;

he was constantly working for the best interest of his country; he was both keen and fearless in debate; he was never known to resort to uncompromising tactics as he matched his wits against another; he was kind and considerate, as he was good; he was a genuine friend to all, and his sturdy loyalty was his badge of honor as he walked along the pathways of life. He was a Christian gentleman, husband, and father. During the years he taught in our schools, and in the afteryears when he engaged in the practice of his chosen profession—the law—he carried those ideals into the national legislative halls, where he stood foursquare for his country and the Constitution of the United States of America.

Mr. Speaker, thus we behold the life and character of our friend, our friend in his better days, WILL DITTER. His works stand before us. We cannot pronounce any encomium for him—he needs none. His life and his accomplishments stand stalwart and alone; they are his own memorial; they reflect their beauty and their splendor before us.

My humble tribute to him, my friend. I give in the words of a great hero in the days gone by: "This was a man."

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, it is with sad hearts that we convene today. I came to my office shortly after eight this morning, much depressed because of the untimely death of BILL DITTER of Pennsylvania. Between that time and 10 o'clock, the Death Angel had knocked at our door again. This time it was Henry Steagall of Alabama. These gentlemen were typical representatives of their people in this great parliamentary body. Each was a leader in his own right. Each wore spurs of his own winning. They were credits to their respective districts, their States, and, yes, they were both national figures, and deservedly so.

While he had but 10 years' service in the House, no Member was better and more favorably known than J. WILLIAM DITTER. He was an exceptional individual in many particulars. He was a statesman of high order. He was an outstanding de-

bater. With a splendid vocabulary, a keen analytical mind, a pleasing personality, he was a factor to be reckoned with in every phase of congressional life.

Yes, BILL DITTER was a politician, and I use this word in its highest connotation. He was a student of the science of government. He was a disciple of American constitutional philosophy. He was a thorough believer in the American way of life, and was loath to be led astray by isms, promises, or what have you. He knew that our form of government was based upon the two-party system and he always responded to the defense of that system. As between the two great parties, he was a Republican by conviction. He believed in a majority rule. He was a political partisan but never permitted that partisanship to interfere with Americanism. He set a splendid example which was most helpful, most inspiring, and most beneficial, especially to the newer Members. The esteem in which he was held is well exemplified by the splendid things that have been said here today.

Mr. Speaker, any additional words of mine would be but repetition, and I conclude by saying that it is a privilege to pay my tribute of honor, love, and respect to the life, character, and memory of my good friend, BILL DITTER.

Mr. MILLER of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, our hearts are heavy and our minds fail to function as they should. We are saddened by the announcement of the death of two distinguished American gentlemen, with long years of service in the House of Representatives.

The Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER or as he was affectionately known, BILL DITTER, was the first Member of Congress that I called upon after my election, November 1938. I will never forget that first visit with BILL DITTER. As I was leaving his office, he asked, "Where do you want to go from here?", and when I told him that I wanted to call at the office of the Clerk of the House, he took me over to the Capitol and introduced me to Mr. Trimble. Later I found out that such

thoughtfulness was typical of BILL DITTER. I have always felt free to call on him for advice. He was never too busy to talk to a new Member of the House.

Mr. WRIGHT. Mr. Speaker, it is with a profound sense of shock that I heard this morning of the death of two of the outstanding members of the House, my late friend from Pennsylvania, Mr. DITTER, and the genial chairman of the committee on which I am privileged to serve, Mr. Steagall.

I think of the many instances of kindness and geniality that have endeared these two gentlemen to me. Indeed, their characters have endeared them to all the Members of the House, regardless of party and regardless of political belief. After our political quarrels and our differences over legislation are forgotten, we remember most of all those little instances of friendship and kindness which I feel bind all the Members here together.

I remember, for instance, that it was only a short time ago that we were felicitating Mr. DITTER on his birthday; only a short time ago that the friends of Mr. Steagall had a meeting in his office to express their love and affection for him. I remember, too, the address that was delivered by Mr. Steagall on last Thursday. It was a masterful address. Even we who disagreed with some of the conclusions he reached recognized that it was a masterful address and we congratulated him. It was at that time that he told us that he was feeling ill.

I am sure all the Members of the House today share the feeling of profound sorrow that I have.

Mr. FORD. Mr. Speaker, this is a black Monday in the history of this House, to come here and find that two of the outstanding Members of this body have passed to the great beyond. The passing of Mr. DITTER was a sad accident. The passing of Mr. Steagall was the result of overexertion in his labors on the Committee on Banking and Currency at this very critical time.

As has been suggested by numerous other speakers, as chairman of that committee, Mr. Steagall was adroit, clever, able, and persistent, and when he had a bill to bring out he never quit until he got it on the floor. Whether or not you agreed with him, he was genial, kindly, and forgiving of those who did not altogether go along with him.

Mr. Speaker, Alabama loses a distinguished son. Pennsylvania also loses a distinguished son. This House loses two of its most able and outstanding Members. They go to join that great company of "dead, yet sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns."

To know both of these distinguished gentlemen has been a privilege. The lives of those who came in contact with them have been enriched. May I extend my deepest sympathy to the bereaved families of our two departed comrades, who meant so much to both of them.

"It is good to go home"—and these colleagues of ours have but gone home.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Martin].

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, for the information of the House may I say that funeral services for the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER will be held on Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m. from the Methodist Church in Ambler, Pa.

The SPEAKER. The Chair announces as members of the committee to accompany the remains of the late Mr. DITTER the following: Messrs. Wolfenden of Pennsylvania, Kinzer, Simpson of Pennsylvania, Rodgers of Pennsylvania, Graham, Taber, Wigglesworth, Walters, Bradley of Pennsylvania, and Cannon of Missouri.

Mr. MCCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of our departed colleague, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 53 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, November 23, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon.

TUESDAY, *November 23, 1943.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 210):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the provisions of the above resolution the Presiding Officer had appointed Mr. Davis, Mr. Guffey, Mr. Scrugham, Mr. Buck, and Mr. Bushfield members of said committee on the part of the Senate.

FRIDAY, *January 28, 1944.*

Mr. WOODRUFF of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, on January 13, 1944 the Republicans of the House of Representatives held a conference at which a committee on resolutions, composed of Representatives Halleck, of Indiana, chairman; Kinzer, of Pennsylvania; Mundt, of South Dakota; Plumley, of Vermont; and Stanley, of New York, prepared the following resolution on the death of our friend and colleague, Repre-

sentative J. WILLIAM DITTER. Copy of the resolution was forwarded to Mrs. Ditter:

Be it resolved, That we, the Republican Members of the House of Representatives of the Seventy-eighth Congress of the United States desire to pay joint tribute to the memory of our friend and colleague the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER, of Pennsylvania.

The announcement of the tragic death of our associate on the afternoon of November 21, last, shocked all of us once more into a realizing sense of the fact that we are "too full of sleep to understand how far the unknown transcends the what we know"; taught us again to recognize the truth that in the midst of life we are in death; brought home to us anew the value of the friendships we make to lose too soon.

We shall sorely miss our friend, his wise counsel, his cheery smile, and his comradeship for all the word implies.

"Somewhere he wings his way
Where the immortals keep, where Homer now
Has back his sight, David his little lad;
Where all those are we dully call the dead,
Who have gone greatly on some shining quest.
He takes his way. That which he quested for.
That larger freedom of a larger birth,
Captains him flying into fields of dawn."

Aggressive antagonist, fearless fighter, suaviter in modo, fortiter in re, he died as he lived, a knight sans peur et sans reproche.

Measured in days and years, his life was too short, but in accomplishment, long. He lived so long as to set his mark high on the scroll of honor of his day and generation, leaving there indelibly carved a record of which his family, his country, and we, his friends, may well be and are justly proud. This shall be his living monument.

To our friend J. WILLIAM DITTER:

"* * * better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of today, or the statue we build tomorrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen
Was the thought of duty done, and the love of his fellow men."

In retrospect we can see him on that tragic night, facing the inevitable fearlessly. Swept by storm and fate, he passed from life to death with the stern challenge of his courage on his lips. He can almost be heard to say:

"Fear death? to feel the fog on my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained
And the barriers fall.
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last."

In the words of Douglas Malloch, in conclusion let us say of our friend:

"Time brings not death, it brings but changes;
I know he rides, but rides afar,
Today some other planet ranges
And camps tonight upon a star
Where all his other comrades are.

* * * * *

"Time breaks no circle such as this,
For this I swear, because believing;
However hurt, however grieving,
However much a friend we miss
Between the worlds is no abyss.

* * * * *

"Whatever vales we yet may wander,
What sorrow come, what tempest blow,
We have a friend, a friend out yonder,
To greet us when we have to go—
Out yonder someone that we know.

"To all eternity he binds us;
He links the planet and the star;
He rides ahead, the trail he finds us
And where he is and where we are
Will never seem again so far."

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased and be spread upon our records.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *November 22, 1943.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Maurer, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following resolution (H. Res. 362) from the House of Representatives, which was read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
November 22, 1943.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of 10 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. DAVIS. Mr. President, I feel that I cannot let this day go by without rising to say a few words on behalf of my esteemed friend the Honorable J. WILLIAM DITTER, who fell to his death last night in a tragic airplane crash in the State of Pennsylvania.

The untimely passing of this man, in the very flower of his life, will be deeply mourned by all those who knew him, for with his passing, the Congress has lost one of its out-

standing Members, the people of Pennsylvania have lost a faithful and an earnest Representative, and the Republican Party has lost an ardent and a fearless standard bearer.

Representative DITTER was above all else a straightforward American citizen, a sincere and tireless servant of the American people, in whose cause and whose behalf he was always proud to labor and to serve.

Mr. President, the inspiring example of service and honor which was J. WILLIAM DITTER will long outlive the earthly years of a life which he willingly gave to the public service and to the progress and stability of the America which he loved.

I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 210) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILLIAM DITTER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause the Presiding Officer appointed Mr. Davis, Mr. Guffey, Mr. Scrugham, Mr. Buck, and Mr. Bushfield the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, November 23, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon.

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